

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

Too sad to think—"Whose will her diadem be?"

Dramatic Feuilleton.

SARAH.

A doll week in the theatre. Dry times in the coulisses. A week for heavy dinners, jolly visits, much laughter, and many pipes. A week for Anna Maria, rather than for Pantomime.

Ah, Effendi! you should see the Pearl of Manhattan a clothes, about these times. Mr. Butler's friend, Flora M. Flimney, wasn't a circumstance to her, this week.

There was a lovely, pearl-colored silk, with real Valenciennes flowers, the invoice of which came plumb from the Boulevard des Capucines, and the governor willy-nilly, he's sure to have the gown, which will be still more expensive, as he won't allow anybody but A. M. to come near him then; and perhaps he won't have to pay for that, — oh, no! not at all, by no means. As Mr. Weller would say,

"What is that you say? Never mind A. M.! Tell us about the theatre!"

Just tell her that, once.

I insist that the subject of A. M. is quite apropos to the theatre.

What would they do without the demiselles charmanes, and the jennies doree?

And what are these ornamental classes of the community doing this week?

Do they see the theatre, compared with boned turkey, mayonnaise de volaille, Houston, loaf, flirtation, Russian quaffs, the German cologne, and ying-tung? No, indeed, and so the playhouse is given over to the children and the Persians, who have to put up with Rovers, Green Baders, and The Persian.

As for the Persians, I have once told me a very good story about its performance in London. I will try to repeat it in my peculiar French-English.

Ah, oui, Monsieur, he is very good story. I make much money with him at the Adelphi. Every night, before I go to my dressing-room, I tell my cab he stop before me, and I see you are a "pit" full. Zen I go to dress, then satisfy being I know a very good story. I have one what you call skeleton in my house. Zen two comiques were Miss Wright and Miss Bedford. Zen was a very funny story. At Zen repetition, Zen make me laugh to kill myself.

Well, say have a short scene in quadrille act, where I comes down from my rack, and have to lie as I was dead upon my stage. I must arrest myself here till my first night, and then my discovery me. Zen I must not let my behavior be very, and discover me in two three minutes. I ask Miss Wright, and she says, "I will tell you, Zen I know a very good story. I have one what you call skeleton in my house. Zen two comiques were Miss Wright and Miss Bedford. Zen was a very funny story. At Zen repetition, Zen make me laugh to kill myself."

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Where, I ask, where will the *Otoman*, *James Dore*, *Gertrude*, *Leslie*, Mr. Bateman, Walt Whitman, Miss Agnes Robertson, and the Shu-shu-ga, be, after that?

They have the Opera in Boston this week, and don't seem to know exactly what to do with it.

Generally they don't see Ullmann's pumps and real tube, and object as the metropolitan critics did to the stupid cast of the Vespers. Then they talk about "an unwieldy large, hideously improbable in its mechanism," and even make fun of Granger, armor to their Imperial Majesties, L. N. and B. U.

All the articles commence with puff for the new chandelier. The *Press* says it "created a sensation." The *Courier* declares that "it is really a splendid thing," and that the chorus paid more attention to it than to the conductor." Again, after pitching into the people all round, "the chandelier is very fine."

That's what they call satire in the provinces.

Patti was seen and heard to an immense extent. The *Atlas* critic don't like the edge of her voice, what ever that is; but it will probably be ground down for him. The poor *Papers* gets another beat in the eye. The *Lancet* "is worth all the *Papers* that ever blotted paper." Brignoll, we are told, seemed to "move as though under the shadow of an iceberg."

He was singing to a Boston audience. Kane couldn't have done that without shivering.

PARANOR.

Theatre next Monday night. I don't see anything more about Mr. Walter Scott in the avis, and I'm afraid that we shall have to put up with Bourdieu as stage manager. Perhaps Mr. Walter might be better, but not much.

The Webb Sisters are going to play over in the Bowery. Are you not delighted? I am. I never saw them, but the "entire California press pronounces them to be the best artists of the day."

I wait the debut of the Webb Sisters with feverish anxiety.

En Province.

The Heron has been doing a new play in Boston. *Leslie* is the title, and the Shu-shu-ga has conveyed it himself from the Gaul.

The Athenian crickets are in their usual non-terre condition of mind about it.

One joker (the *Courier*) commences his article by saying that "if the man lives who, after spending an entire evening in a theatre, witnessing the first representation of a new play, can then at eleven o'clock sit down and once give an intelligent opinion upon the piece, he is a rare bird," and then goes on to prove the veracity of his statement as far as he is individually concerned, by giving a quadrilateral account of the leading incidents in the plot.

I gather, however, from it a few items here and there.

The scene is laid in Venice. Of course, *Toujours Venise*. Well, it is a nice place, but why not in *Otoman* sometimes?

However, to get on: *Leslie* is a gaudy young Venetian who has made a faux pas. "The partner of her guilt" grows tired of her, and throws her over for another. This is the delightful state of things with which the play commences, and then there goes on during four hours what our cricket calls "merely a conflict between love and jealousy," ending with the suicide of *Leslie*.

There are, it appears, two good male characters, were played by J. W. Wallace, Jr., and E. L. Davenport. A part called *Raspo* was appropriately cast to Mr. Hatch.

I should go more minutely into the details of this play, but as I hear it is to be done in the metropolis, and as no one has any great respect for rural criticism, I refrain. Apropos to the general subject, I may make a most important literary and dramatic announcement, one that will create an intense excitement in the "gilded saloons of the aristocracy."

My new five-act tragedy, *Anna Maria*, is nearly ready for the stage, and it is probable that a young lady of brilliant personal attractions, rare accomplishments, and aristocratic connections, will make her first appearance upon any stage, etc., etc.

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Passing by certain of the latter, the complimentary sort, with which the journals, welcoming Walt's reappearance and recovery of his singing-vocal after an obstinate three years' dumbness, have accepted that Mocking-Bird Chant printed by us in the *Saturday Press*, of Dec. 24, preceding, we seize upon and give to our readers, in another part of the paper, a specimen of the sort of censoriousness to which Walt is subjected under the shadow of an iceberg.

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A New York History:

WHEREIN IS SET FORTH THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY H. T. SPERRY.

Years—years ago—when first I thought
Of writing rhymes and verse,
Ere I had learned to set at naught
The critics and their curses;
And half believed that fame was bought,
With Editors and purses;
That girls were women, grown and taught,
Ere they had left their nurses.

In short, when I was very gay,
And full of youth's romantic
And apt at changing notes to day,
And dollars into dimes;
While on the waves at Newport lay,
One night the moon was gleaming,
I met, and loved sweet Vera Gray,
Eighteen, and quite entrancing.

Her hair was auburn, and not red,
As claimed by some beholders;
A Grecian nose, and royal head,
And very splendid shoulders;
A fair white hand, and eyes that shed
Their fire like changing soldiers;
And then, her downy lips were said,
Would be in golden boulders.

There where the dazled young and old,
Through fortunes swiftly dash;
And in their living, say they're sold,
To breathe gods of fashion;
Where grand turn-outs in gilt and gold,
Our lauding eyes would flash on;
We laughed, and sighed, and danced, and bowed,
And nursed our tender passion.

Her father was a country squire,
Rich, old, and quite rheumatic;
She had a sister full of fire—
Her brother was erratic;
She wrote, and made the Press admire,
Her lines and tropes didactic;
And sang sweet songs about her lyre,
To see me grow extatic.

She led me off, a wry walk
Where beetling cliffs were frowning;
And bravely through the surf would stalk,
To save the girls from drowning;
She loved her sippers—knew the chalk
Of those served up by Downing;
Shone very bright in parlor talk,
And quoted Poe, or Browning.

She talked of surprise, or of gown;
Of laces, or of laces,
Of Brougham's form, or Forrest's frown,
Of clowns or of the graces;
Of modern whims, or thoughts come down
From old abnormal races;
And wished the hotels, like the town,
Were full of handsome faces.

She belied it at the Bellevue;
I oiled at the Ocean,
And sent each day a billet-doux,
Describing my emotion;
Creating, yes, she 'tis true,
Some scandal—some commotion,
Among her lovers, not a few,
By my intense devotion.

We met, my diary says in June,
The bell had hardly started;
I proved myself a landlord's boon,
For which my uncle started;
We breathed our vows 'neath July's moon,
And swore to be true-hearted;
And when hot August closed—too soon!
We sighed, and wept, then parted.

We parted—those short months of joy
To by-gones quickly faded;
While others came with their alloy,
And brought new loves as they did;
I changed somewhat—grew less a boy;
My college hopes were shaded—
Then finding love too gay a toy,
In railroad ticks I traded.

Years hurried by—our sad farewell
Became an old-time matter;
We met again, but woe to tell,
He scorned when I gazed at her;
I heard her rubric-haird boy's yell,
And her tongue's discordant clatter;
And she was not the Newport Belle,
But the wife of Jones, the latter.

Hartford, Ct., January, 1860.

LEAVES FROM NATURE.

No. II.
We've had a snow-storm. I noticed the vane as the
wind turned it toward a stormy quarter, and saw the
clouds gather. From my window I watched, as I love to
do, the falling of the tiny flakes of snow—and
watched, too, how object after object was hidden from
my view, until all things became enrobed in white,
save the trees and a few green cedars.

The storm ceased, the clouds broke away, and the
sun shone forth bright and beautiful; but its warm
rays could not rob the earth of nature's covering,
excepting in some sheltered spot, so piercing cold came
the wind.

As I sat gazing on this bridal landscape I heard the
wind knocking at my window as if it would speak to
me. I listened—and it said: To do good, man
must be fixed in his purpose as the East wind must
steadily blow to produce a storm. After pursuing the
course that conscience prompts, resolution comes to the
aid of purpose, like the storm-clouds which gather as
it to assist the wind. The falling snow flakes are blessings
which are sure to descend on him who follows
the path of duty; and as the snow eventually weaves the
bare earth in a pure white drapery, so will a pure joy
obliterate all cause for sorrow from the heart of him
who is constant in the pursuit of right. Many will be
the snares set to tempt him to do wrong, as the sun
casts down its warmth to melt the snow. But con-
science (man's friend in trouble) comes to his support,
and if listened to, shields him from all harm, as the
chill wind renders the snow impervious to the warm-
ing sunbeam. But some heed not conscience—mind not
its precepts. They are the sheltered spots on which
the snow, God's emblem of purity, can never rest.

Two young aspirants for literary fame are about
to make their first appearance in the world of letters.
The one is Mr. W. Winwood Reade, a nephew of the
celebrated author of "Newgate To Let" and "The
Book of the Dead." His book to be entitled "Liberty Hall, Oxford," is an-
nounced for the commencement of December, and like
"Tom Brown at Oxford," will be a novel of college
life. The other candidate is a lady—Miss Orickton—
who made a successful debut at Drury-lane Theatre a
few years since, in Meyerbeer's Opera of "Robert the
Devil." Since that period she has been residing in
Italy, where a dangerous illness so inspired her vocal
powers, as to compel her to relinquish her profession.
Her work, "Before the Dawn," is intended to illus-
trate the condition of the people of Italy previous to
the recent struggle.

YE LASTE FLIPPE-FLAPPE OF YE NOBLE EVERETT.

Ye Bonner keeps a Historian.
The annals of the *Ledger* will henceforward be chronicled and embellished, and doubtless take their place among the archives of the Republic, along with the Declaration of Independence and Stephen B. Branch's confession. This is as it should be. Great men, from confusion, have supported feudal retinues. Bonner has already had a Herald, and if the place of Jester was vacant, we should like to enter a proposal for that jocular office. We also could recommend a capital Trumpeter to the gallant Sir Bonner, but we believe that the knight in question plays upon that noble instrument himself.

We learn by an advertisement, that the Hon. Edward Everett, in the *Ledger* of the past week, has devoted his fine mind to the production of a "Description of the *Ledger* Establishment," and an "account of the way it was built up." We are further informed that "the subject is treated in Mr. Everett's elevated, graphic, and picturesque style, and he gives much information concerning the *Ledger* which will be new to the public." Henceforward Mr. Richard B. Yeadon can attach a new title to his oratorical deity, and in his future speeches, the ex-senator and ex-minister will be "Orator, Patriot, Sage, Cicero of America, Laudator of Washington, Apostle of Charity, High Priest of the Union, Friend of Mankind," and "Historian of the *Ledger*!"

We are not readers of the Bonnerian sheet, but we can easily imagine how charming the details of the progress of the *Ledger* must seem when worked up in Mr. Everett's "picturesque and graphic" style. It is doubtless treated somewhat after this fashion: "Not far from where the pleasant slopes of Fulton street gently decline towards the margin of the noble river whose waves wash the shores of South street, where the odoriferous perfume of Balsamic oils mingle in olfactory harmonies with the aromatic of the impervious tar, and the tenuous odors of the decomposing had-dock; where the gentle reverberation of the omnibus, and the plaintive cry of the hackman greet the ear of the wayfarer with a mild and soothing melody—in the immediate neighborhood of this romantic spot, there lies a pleasant by-way, hallowed to history for all time, called Ann street. It is a spot that reeks with interesting associations, and superior mud. On one side towers that imposing pile known as the Herald Buildings, in whose vaults laborious steam giants work unceasingly for the moral and intellectual reformation of mankind. Hard by, a fane of exquisite beauty lifts its symmetrical bell-tower high in air, and not unfrequently one may behold the healthy and graceful typographer leaving the quadrilateral form from the adjacent foundry. It is in this interesting spot that the temple of Modern Reason has been erected. It is here that the *Ledger* has been established. It is from hence issue the myriad belching sheets that vary wit and wisdom and elegant writing forth to gladden and instruct the world. Here sits enthroned, in blind majesty, the monarch of the weeklies. That lord and imposing staircase has been trodden by the feet of a Fern, an Everett, and a Cobb. It is here that Washington's bones have been unfurrowed from pecuniary slavery; it is here that the noble Bonnet bowed his heart to the universe, and sang pathetically the moving story of his Mary-Ann. This is the centre of Thought—the home of Fiction—the palladium of the integrity of Mind. It is, in a word, the abode of Bonner!"

If this style of composition should compare favorably with the description of the *Ledger* Establishment in the columns of that paper, we beg to offer our services to Mr. Bonner, and propose as a subject, the Histories of Lantern and Lady Woodruff—*Vanity Fair*, Jan. 7.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S TOBACCO-STOPPER.

By PAUL WARD.
Sir Isaac having weighed the laws
Of gravitation and attraction,
Their "why" and "wherefore" and "because,"
Disposed of his satisfaction;
(Vainglorious of his knowledge clear
On subjects of the Fall and Apple)
Felt drawn to meditate on woman,
And dived with Woman's Love to grapple!
A dame was found who thought the sage
Would a celestial body deem her;
Who sought to make the Knight her page,
Her wretched slave, the star-struck dreamer.
But all her conquest, boasted loud,
Proved of an abominable mist;
Forever wrapt within a cloud,
In fact her flame was always smothered!
One day her lily hand he seized
(A thing he might have thought of sooner);
A thrill of hope the damelet felt,
He'd now descend to thoughts sub-lunar!
But instead of pressing it with lip,
As would have been but right and proper,
His dainty little finger-tip
He used—as a tobacco-stopper!

The lady screamed—the knight implored:
No! 'twas an insult nought could wipe out.
His tears she scorned, his gifts restored.
And put, for good and all, his pipe out.
The story proves (a mom's) yoke,
If threat or slight has strength to carry)
Either that husbands shouldn't smoke,
Or dreamy smokers shouldn't marry.

—The Welcome Guest.

LEAVES FROM "VANITY FAIR."

Who killed Brown's men?—White Chokers.
Ullmann's ORATORY DELICATE OF THE REAR—Patti de Payer Gies.
TANCOR or CAPR—Many theatres are calling public attention to their remarkable casts. Look upon them, and you will discover that in most cases the casts are all in your eye.
Woe on WHEEL—There is no such thing as getting credit in an omnibus; you always have to "pay up."
By the WAY—In the new Broadway pavement as good as it is cracked up to be!

After his recent Parisian exploits, in what condition will John Mitchell return to this country?
He will come Bacchanalian.

THE SEAT OF DISEASE—An invalid's chair.
COOL FOR ANATHEMA VIOLENT—What is the most important point in amateur violin-playing?
Stopping!

A BROWN SWEET—Wendell Phillips Library.
A DEBILITATING CASE—Boas Brumal.
COOL PROCEEDING—Driven Snow.
A SHIP IN DURESS—The Speaker's ship.

THE GAME OF THE KNOWING DRAWER—Hop Scotch.
THE ADDITION OF THE CROWN-HOPE—Due-You Duty.

—*Vanity Fair*, Jan. 7.
It is well known that Baron Humboldt left to his faithful valet of forty years' service, his library and other movable property. The bequest has been disputed by the nearest relations of Humboldt, and the whole effects were placed under the seal of the Urban Court of Berlin. The first decision was in favor of the legate, but the family have appealed to a higher court, and a delay of three months to put in proof in support of their protestation has just been granted. The question excites much interest in Germany, from the unique character of the library.

A novel called "Compensation," by a lady, will be published shortly by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. The writer occupies a high social position; and a delicate taste, a critical power, and a keen eye, especially appear in a heavy examination of the advance sheets of her work. The novel is without the sensational element of popular modern fiction, but will please refined people who read with thought. The name of the author is Miss Anne M. H. Brewster.

Mrs. Trollope, the elder, still rejoices at Florence. She is now nearly 80 years old, and her rapidly falling faculties shut her out from society entirely. Mrs. Trollope the younger is in exceedingly delicate health.

AMERICAN WATCHES

MADE BY THE
American Watch Company,
AT WALTHAM, MASS.

Attention is invited to the following statement, and the accompanying letters of recommendation and testimonials of these celebrated Watches.

A gold medal was awarded the Company by the Massachusetts Mechanical Association, 1856.
A gold medal was also awarded them by the American Institute, at New York, in 1857.

The Company also received the first premium—a gold medal—from the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1855.
These watches have now been in the market for nearly ten years, during which they have been tested as to accuracy, durability, and reliability, in every conceivable manner, and have proved themselves to be the most satisfactory time-keepers ever offered to the public.

This result has been brought about by a strict application of mechanical science to the construction of the Watch from its very inception, rendering it, when finished, mathematically correct in all its proportions, and, necessarily, as perfect a time-keeper as it is possible to make.

The Company have tested their watches, in many instances, by actual daily testing, and the result of this test has been that they have exhibited a rate equal in regularity to the best Marine Chronometer. The following certificates are from gentlemen who have carried their Watches with them in their daily avocations, and are, therefore, reliable indications of what may be expected from the American Watch when in ordinary active use:

Letter from Paul Murphy, the celebrated Chess Player:
New York, Oct. 5th, 1859.
Mr. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:
DEAR SIR:—The American watch, No. 9240, presented me by the New York Chess-Club, has proved to be a most reliable and accurate time-keeper—almost unaccountably so for ordinary purposes. It is now nearly five months since it came into my possession, and during that period its variation from standard time has been but a trifle more than half a minute. The following is a record of its performance. It was set June 3d, correctly:
June 15, fast 4 seconds. Aug. 15, fast 18 seconds.
July 1, " 6 " Sept. 1, " 23 "
" 15, " " " 15, " "
Aug. 1, " 16 " Oct. 1, " 33 "
I give you permission to make such use of this statement as you may think proper. I am, with respect, yours truly,
PAUL MURPHY.

Boston, Sept. 27th, 1859.
Mr. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:
DEAR SIR:—It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request for a report of the performance of the American watch purchased by you Dec. 2d, 1858. It was set on that day, and its variation from true time to the 18th of February, 1859, when I let it run down, was ten seconds fast. From that time to the present, it has run with nearly perfect steadiness, having, during the eight months, remained at seven to nine seconds fast, and this with uncommonly rough usage. I can commend your manufacture in the highest terms. Yours truly,
JAMES H. CLAPP,
Firm of Clapp, Fuller & Brown, Bankers, Boston.

The following is from Mr. Foster, the well-known Marine Chronometer and Watchmaker:
Boston, Sept. 28th, 1859.
Mr. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:
DEAR SIR:—I have sold during the last year a considerable number of watches of the Waltham manufacture, and am happy to say that all of them, without exception, have fulfilled my guarantee, and have given satisfaction to the purchasers.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27th, 1859.
Mr. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:
DEAR SIR:—I have, at the suggestion of a number of persons, made a thorough examination of the plan of construction adopted by your Company in the manufacture of watches, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be simple, scientific, and eminently practical. It would be very reasonable if any single watch made on this plan should tell to an accurately performing time-keeper. I would about as soon expect to see the sun make a bank, as to see one of your American Watches do so. Very respectfully,
NORMAN WILKES,
Mechanical Engineer and practical Machinist.

Boston, August 20th, 1859.
Mr. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:
DEAR SIR:—I have sold during the last year a considerable number of watches of the Waltham manufacture, and am happy to say that all of them, without exception, have fulfilled my guarantee, and have given satisfaction to the purchasers.

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R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

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RENTS AND LEASES.

W. A. HERTZ, Jr., Secretary.

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READY-MADE CLOTHING

IN NEW AT

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Who will assert that there is not the same TASTE, JUDGMENT,
and SKILL evinced there as has ever rendered the production a
superior article? Obedience WORK there can be had at any other
cost? None! No, not one!

Be it, then, the fact, Old and New Patterns, and let there be that
difference so requisite in a competition with more ostentatious
establishments. Let there be a perfect union of sentiment and feeling
on the subject, which it shall ever be my endeavor to preserve.

Yours truly,
C. C. SEAYE.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Sept. 27th.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 25th was duly received. In reply I would say that the American watch, No. 9240, has proved itself one of the best watches for railway purposes.

The American watch, in my opinion, is the better than any watch I have used for the last fourteen years on railroads.

I remain, respectfully yours,
G. A. FULLER,
Conductor N. E. & N. Y. R. R.

P. S.—I would refer you to Mr. Douglas, of N. Y. & N. R. R. He has had several of your watches, and is very much pleased with them.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch that I purchased of you about a year since, runs with great exactness; its variations being so slight that I have not found it necessary to set it for several months. Yours truly,
WILLIAM B. STEAR.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4th, 1859.

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I remain, respectfully yours,
G. A. FULLER,
Conductor N. E. & N. Y. R. R.

P. S.—I would refer you to Mr. Douglas, of N. Y. & N. R. R. He has had several of your watches, and is very much pleased with them.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch that I purchased of you about a year since, runs with great exactness; its variations being so slight that I have not found it necessary to set it for several months. Yours truly,
WILLIAM B. STEAR.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4th, 1859.

DEAR SIR:—The American Watch, No. 9240, has proved itself one of the best watches for railway purposes.

The American watch, in my opinion,